The Girls of PENTHOUSE

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APRIL 1990

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The Girls of
PENTHOUSE

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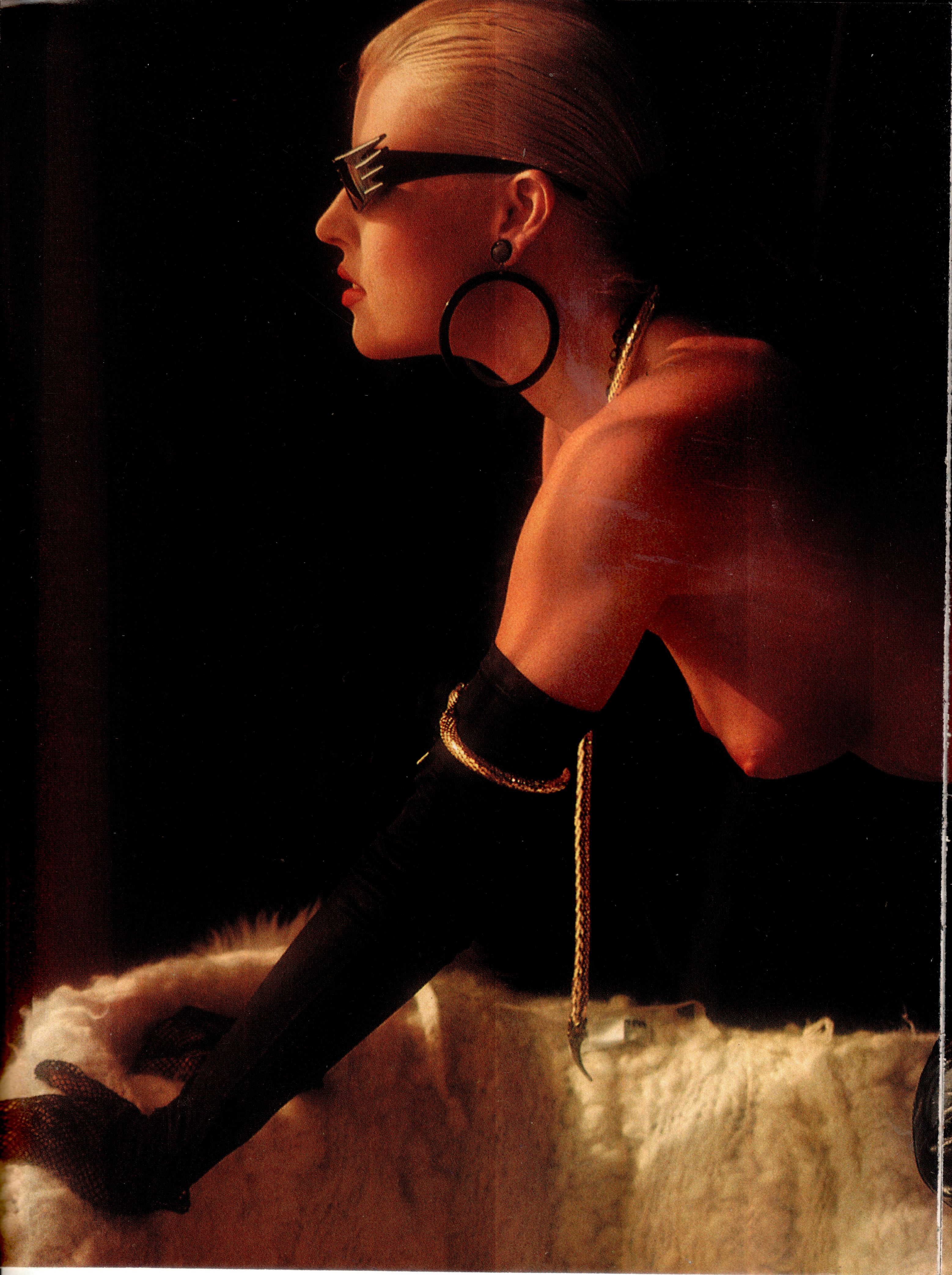

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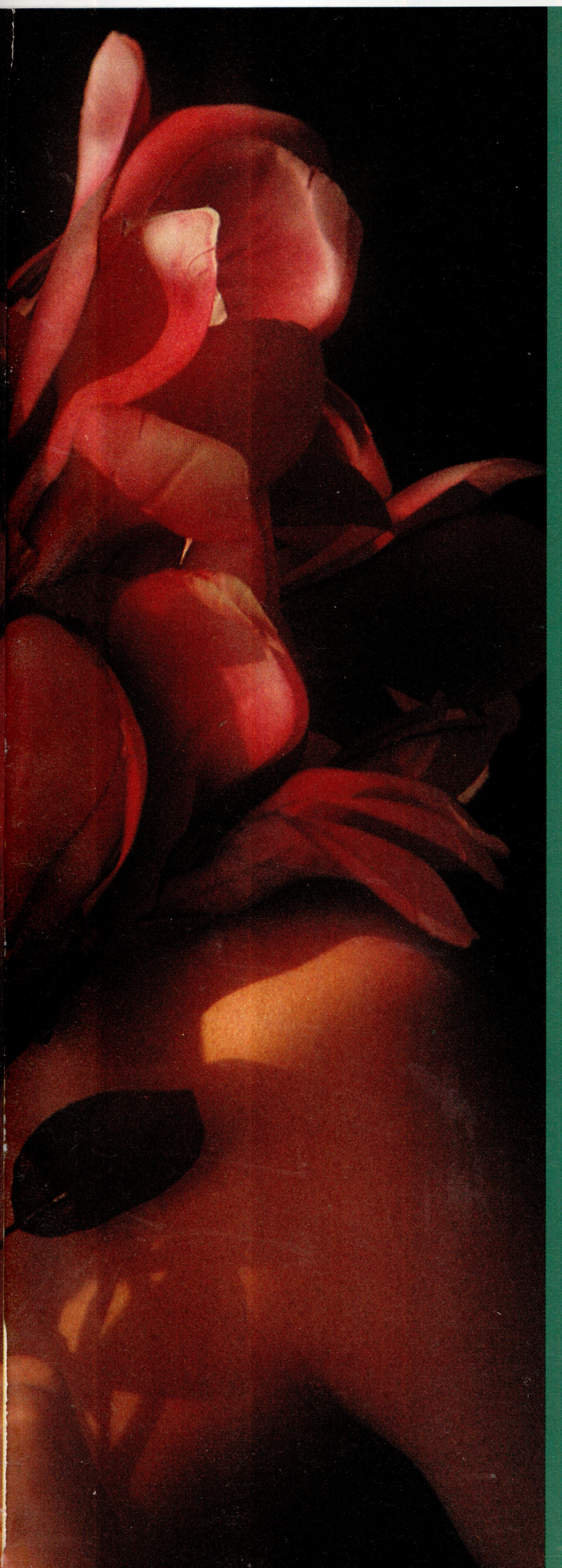

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ANDI BRUCE

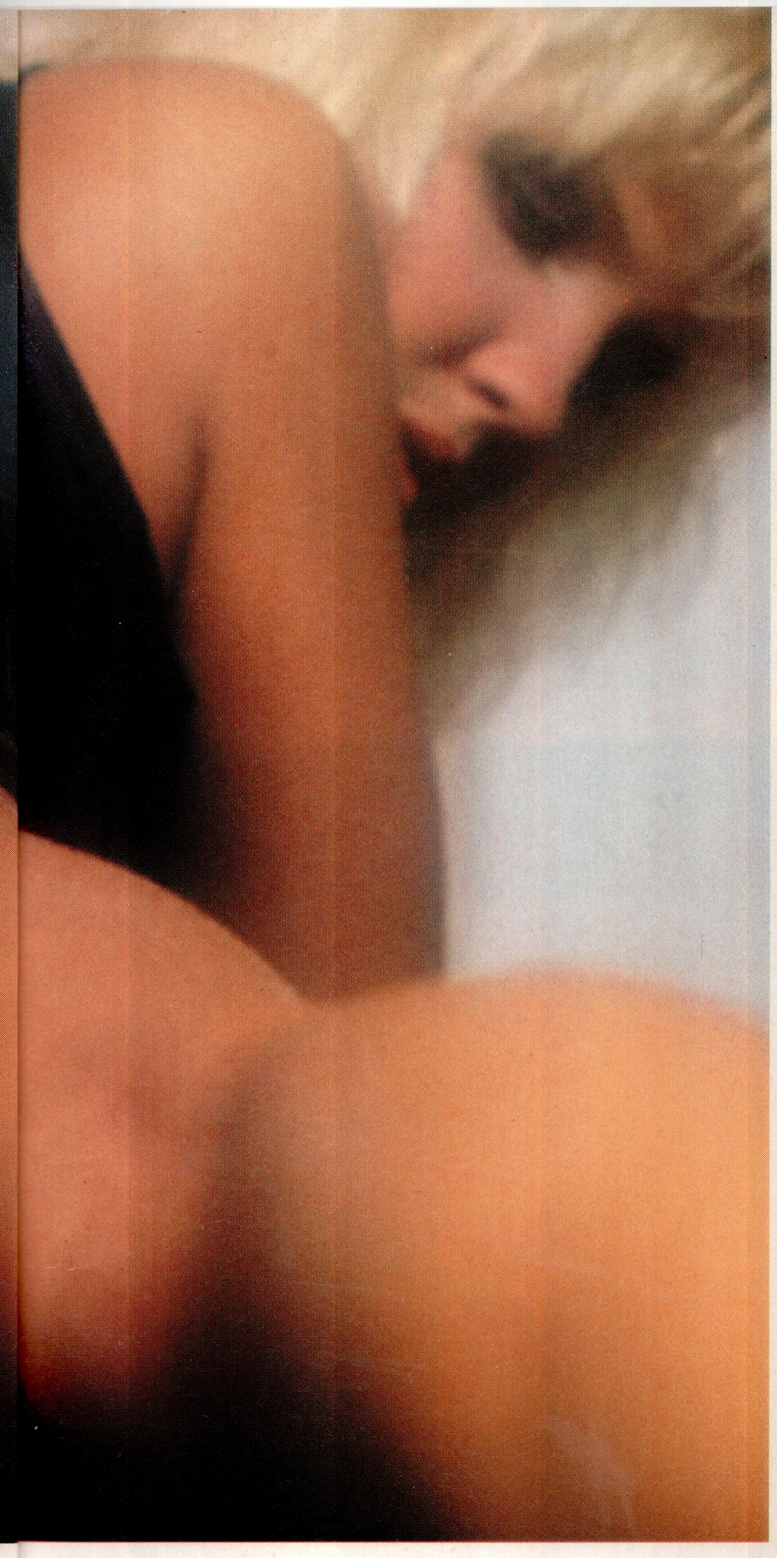
EARL MILLER

HEAT WAVES

Not long ago, twenty-two-year-old Andi Bruce of Stafford, Texas, felt like getting away for a while. She went to Florida for what she thought was going to be nothing more than a little restful relaxation. Fate, however, had something else in mind . . .

In Fort Lauderdale, instead of getting away from it all, 35-22-35 Andi ended up entering—and winning—the *Great American Centerfold Search*, immortalized in video by Byron Davis. "In the middle of everything, I came down with the flu," she recalls. "I had a hundred and four degree temperature, and I still won." Her prize was to be flown to the luxurious Trident Villas & Hotel in Port Antonio, Jamaica, and to be photographed there for *Penthouse*. "The whole thing was like a dream."

Andi's family and boyfriend shared in her excitement. "My parents feel that being chosen as one of the twelve women to be Penthouse Pets each year is really something special, something to be proud of. Everybody's been just great about it all along."



"Jamaica was beautiful," Andi says. While she was there working with *Penthouse*, she came to the attention of movie producers. They've since signed her to act in an upcoming production.

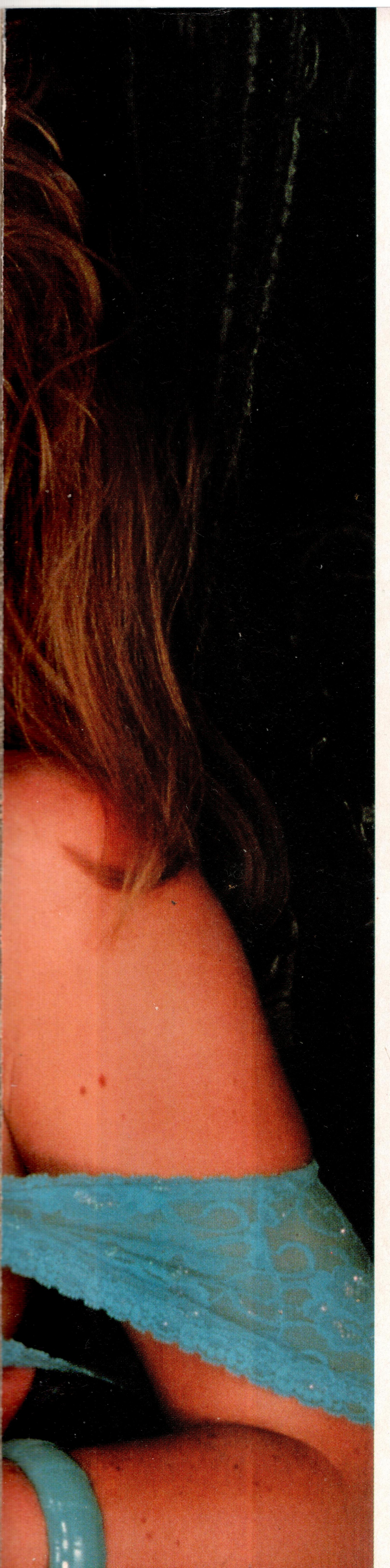
With a toss of her blonde hair, Andi says she'll play it as it comes.

Having worked as an interior decorator and an entertainer, Andi now looks forward to her new career in acting. "Most of all," she says, "I want to enjoy my life and make the best of it. Life's for living and loving and learning and laughing."

For now, she'll be taking it easy on the beach. If you know where to look, maybe you'll find her. If you're really lucky, maybe the surf will be breaking hard.

VERONICA AND ENTON

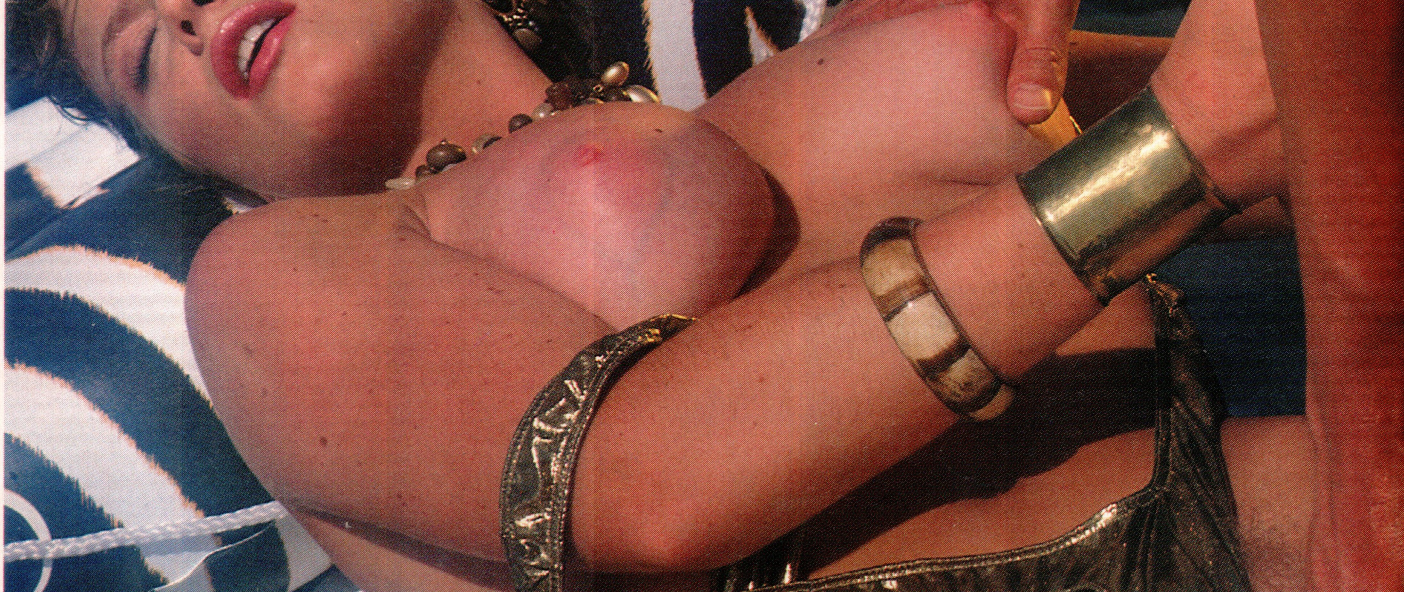
RON VOGEL



WISE INVESTMENTS

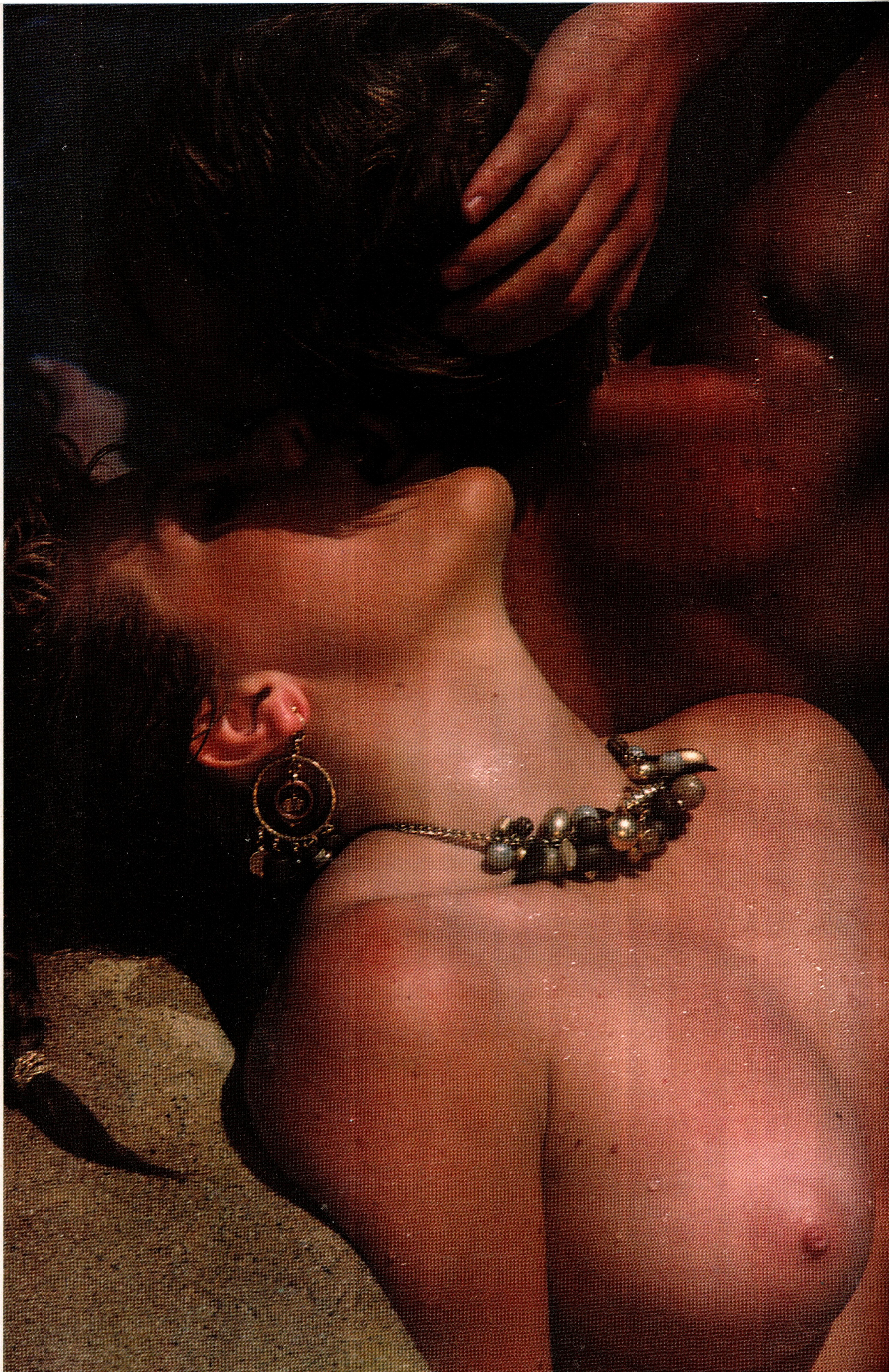
Enton, a successful investor, and Veronica, his broker, had spoken frequently over the telephone for more than two years. Though their voices had grown familiar to each other, and they had become friendly in a professional sort of way, they had never met in the flesh. The stock market plunge of last October changed all that, bringing them close for frenzied trading days on end. That frenzy ebbed, but another, more intimate frenzy claimed them.

Instead of options, futures, stocks and bonds, they traded caresses now. Talk of money gave way to talk of love.



Every day in Enton's
secluded pool, he and Veronica
left the world of
business and its pressures behind.

For too long, it
seemed, each of them had been
running in overdrive.
Now, losing themselves
in the pleasures
of each other's body,
stirring the warm pool
water with their lust, they
made up for lost time.



Their broker-client relationship was over—cold calculations melted in the heat of desire. To them, the crash was a whole new beginning.

BIBI

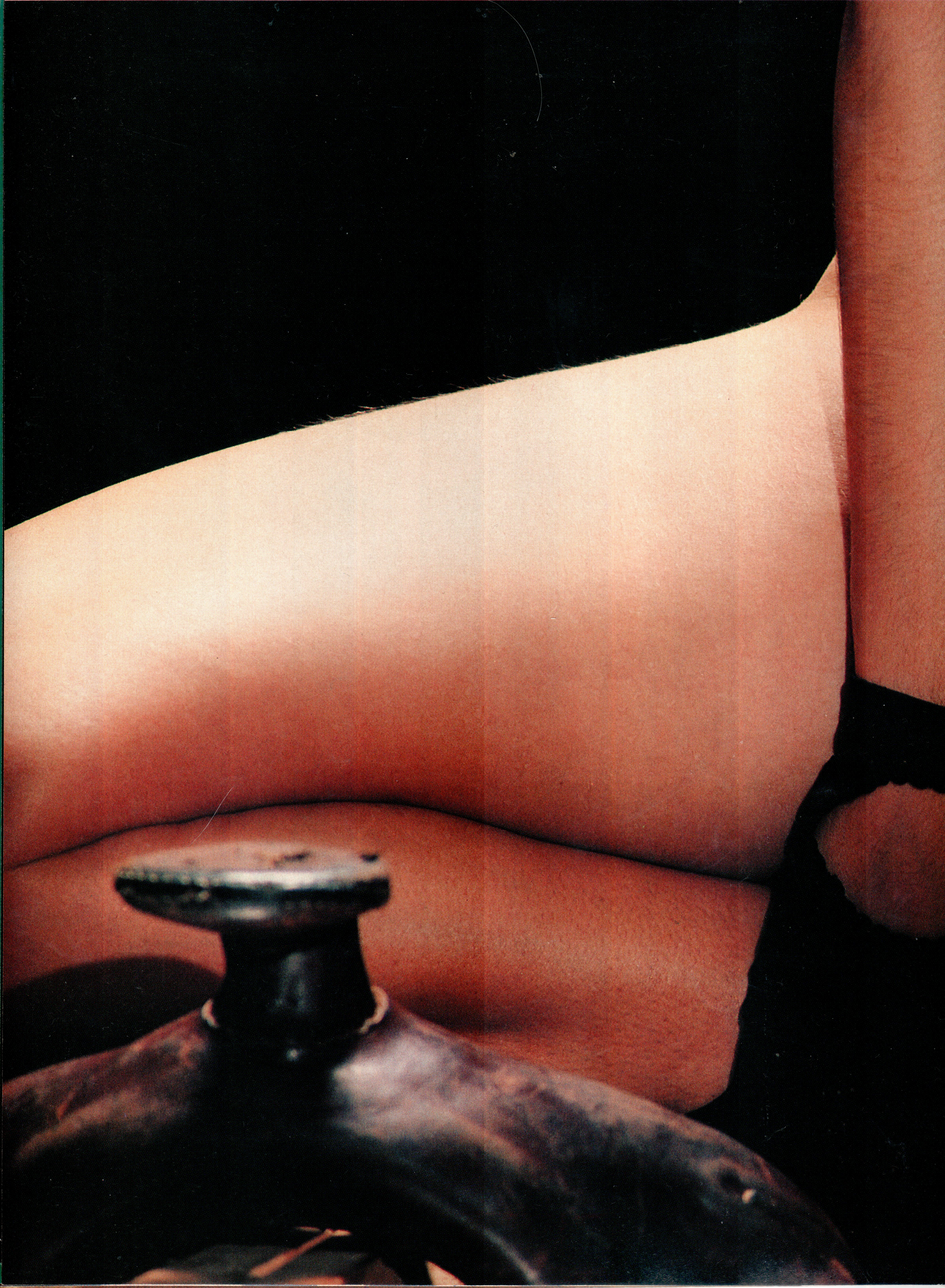
WALTER FERRIER

RODEO

RO

SADDLE TRAMP

When Bibi was a kid, she dreamed of a
West where Roy Rogers still rode and Boot Hill was still nonunion.
It was out there somewhere, beyond the Hudson River.
She grew up, but she never outgrew the dream. The computer
programmers she works with know nothing of
the cowboy hat in her closet, the leather saddle under her bed . . .



Bibi knows now that the West she dreamed of as a child probably never was. But try telling that to the kid inside her—the kid who still, on certain nights, pulls down the shades and saddles up and gallops to the moon and back.

CHERYL AND DARLENE

JOHN DAVID

TAILOR MAID

The shop Cheryl opened in the Chelsea section of New York was the fulfillment of a long-held dream. After only two years her success had surpassed the reaches of that dream. She hired Darlene, a former schoolmate, to assist her with fabric selection, inventory, and patterns. Then, one day, something special happened.

ESTABLISHED
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MODEL 1966

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They had felt it coming,
the two of them—the wave of desire that finally
overtook them that wintry
day. Cheryl moved first. Darlene was warm and
waiting. They explored
each other with what could only be called love.

The sewing machine was soundless through that afternoon. Sighs, sweet moans, and more secret, luscious sounds laced the silence.

ESTABLISHED
MODEL

BLISHED
1919

They shivered—not from the chill winds that shook the panes, but from the thrill of their bodies coming together.

ESTABLIS
1919

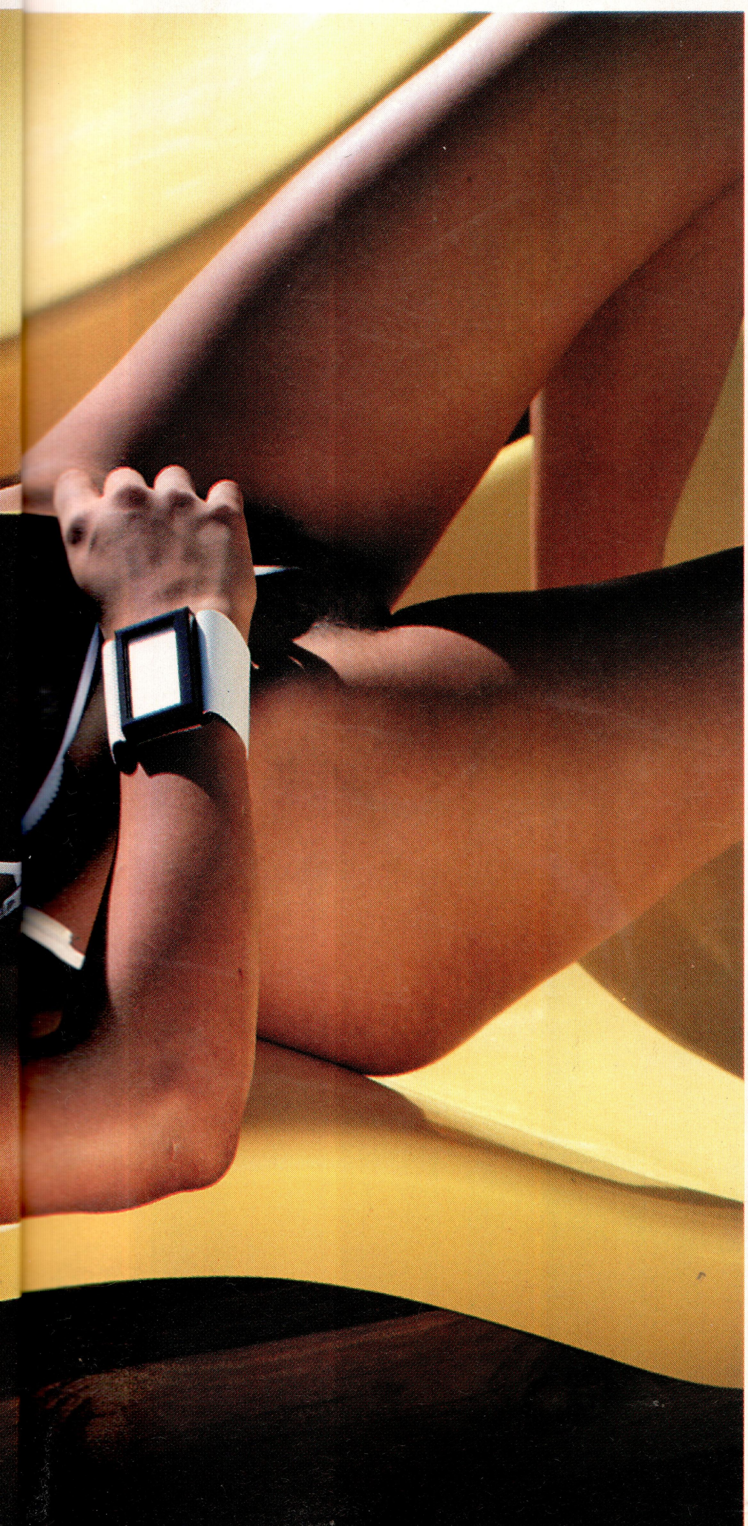
Twilight came. Their limbs
loosened with satisfaction. They knew
that even as Cheryl's
dream had come true, another
dream had blossomed.

JACQUI DE LA CRUZ

WALTER FERRIER

TAKING CHARGE

Some people are born spectators, while others seem destined to take charge and create their *own* excitement. And taking charge is precisely what Pet of the Month Jacqui de la Cruz has been doing for most of her young life. "I've never been content to just sit on the sidelines. I'm a doer, not a dreamer."



Jacqui credits her exotic good looks to her unusual
British-Portuguese ancestry, and taking care of her exquisite
36-24-35 figure has always been a top priority.

A bubbly Pisces who revels in sun-kissed days and starry nights, Jacqui recently learned to jet-ski.

"It's so exhilarating," she enthuses. "The feel of the wind, and the ocean spray on my face, is the ultimate natural high."

Not surprisingly, Jacqui's favorite sexual fantasy involves "a luxurious yacht drifting aimlessly under a blue, cloudless sky. And as I lie dreamily on the open deck, the sun is suddenly blocked by a muscular form looming over me." And who would she want at the helm? "A brooding, broad-shouldered hunk with a mind that's as well-developed as his body!"

According to Jacqui, the key to a successful sex life is spontaneity. She remembers the time she made love at a rustic nature preserve. "We were hot and sticky after a long hike through the forest. Suddenly, like a mirage, there appeared this picture-postcard waterfall cascading over the rocks. I'll never forget the feeling of that water pounding against my skin while my lover pounded me into orbit!"

"Posing for this layout has really given
my career a tremendous boost. Thanks to *Penthouse*,
my dream of breaking into the
international modeling scene is becoming a reality!"

JOANNE SZMERETA

ANDRE FELIX

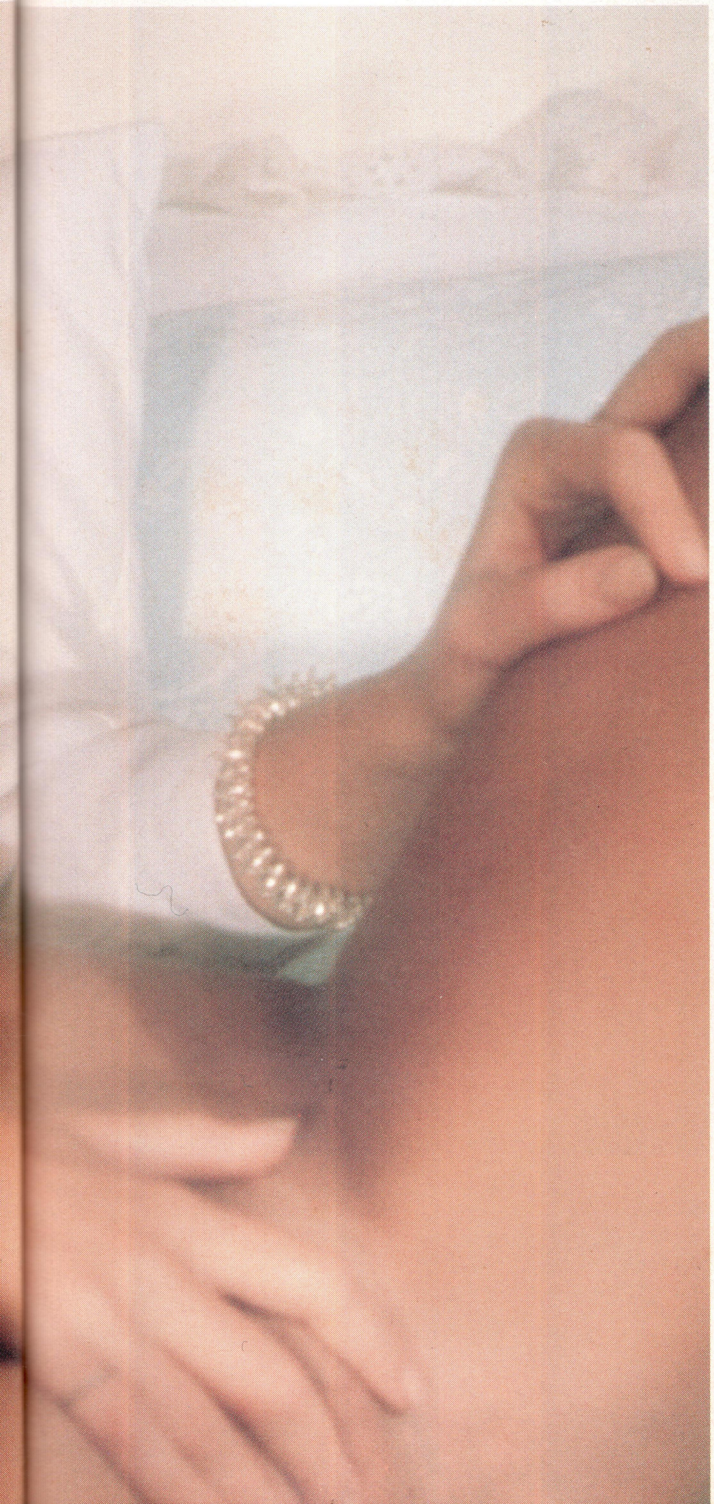
NOTHING TO HIDE

Ask lovely Joanne Szmereta why she consented to pose for *Penthouse*, and she responds with the enthusiasm of a girl who's nineteen years old and ready to conquer the world. "I'm a show-off," she cries. "The thought of presenting myself for the inspection of men everywhere is a thousand-watt turn-on for me!" Our cheeky Pet hails from Southern California, a land where nature seems to have favored the natives with more than their fair share of fatal attraction. But the competition doesn't concern the 36-23-34 Joanne: "As far back as I can remember, I've always been able to cause quite a bit of commotion wherever I went." As if to confirm the veracity of this statement, she levels a green-eyed gaze that fairly glows with promises fulfilled.

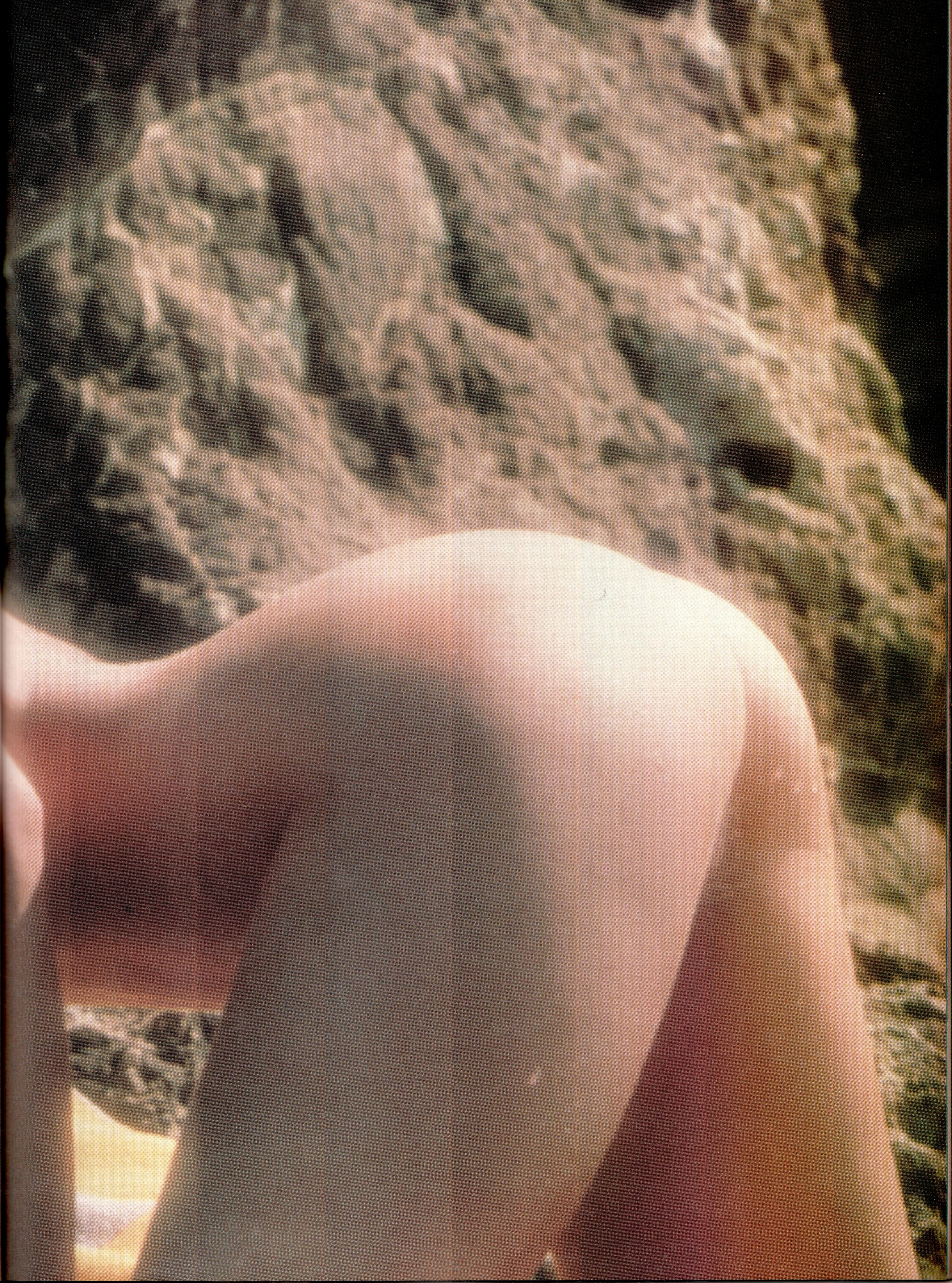
Joanne remembers one blustery November day when she inadvertently bared her all before an appreciative audience of early-morning joggers. "It was an act of impulse," she admits. "The air was so fresh, and the ocean seemed so inviting. I just stripped off my sweats and dove right in." But by the time she was ready to get out, she discovered that a small crowd had gathered on the shore. "I had a choice—either stay in and freeze, or walk out naked in front of all those men!" Electing the latter, she boldly arose like a modern-day Venus, striding out of the surf to collect her clothes.

Heart-stopping beauty does have its downside, however. "Women often feel threatened by me, and many men are actually frightened away by the way I look," she says.

Despite her self-confessed addiction to chocolate candy, Joanne stays in shape with a strenuous daily workout. "I'm proud of my body and of the admiring glances I receive when I show it off!" After learning to relax and enjoy all the attention, making love in public seemed a natural progression: "I once had sex under a tree in our backyard. All the while, I could hear my friends calling to me through the gate, wondering where I was. The closer I came to getting caught, the more frenzied my lovemaking became." Asked about her next venue, Joanne muses about the logistical possibilities of a cozy corner in a crowded movie theater.

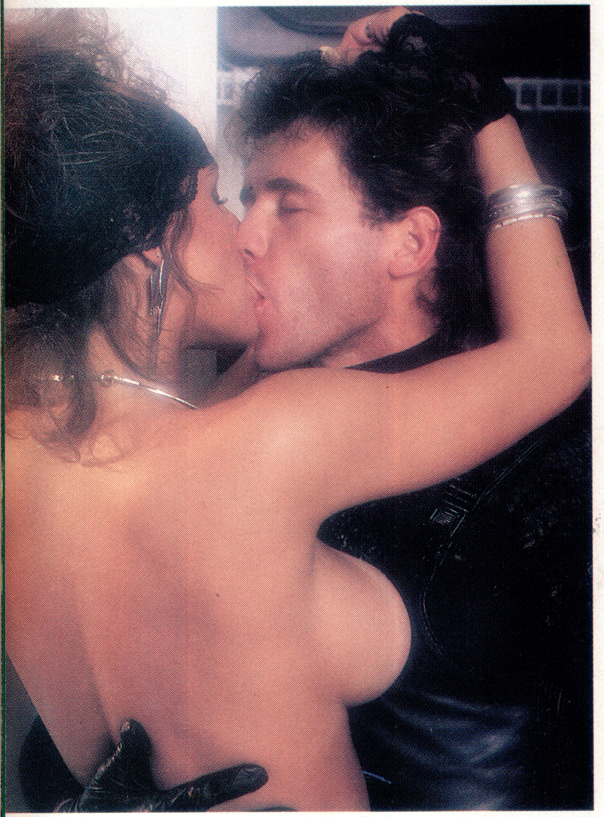


Joanne's boyfriend supports her decision to pose for *Penthouse*. "After all," she says, "I may be sharing myself in these pages, but he knows where my heart *really* belongs."



MELISSA AND MATT

EARL MILLER



A HARLEY IN HEAT

Matt liked to sneak up and surprise her, but Melissa heard the Harley nearing like thunder from miles away. She loved it when Matt came to her hot from the road. The heat of the leather, the scent of night, did something to her.

Matt knew exactly what she wanted. He wanted it too. Melissa, already naked, stripped the warm leather from his body. Revealing flesh that was just as warm, she eased him downward.

She could feel the hunger in his mouth. Her eyes closed, and she began to hear thunder of a different sort. This was the sweet sound of the storm they made together.

Hours
passed
without them
saying a
word. Too
soon, he
would be
gone again.
There was
no time
for words.

TRACY GORDON

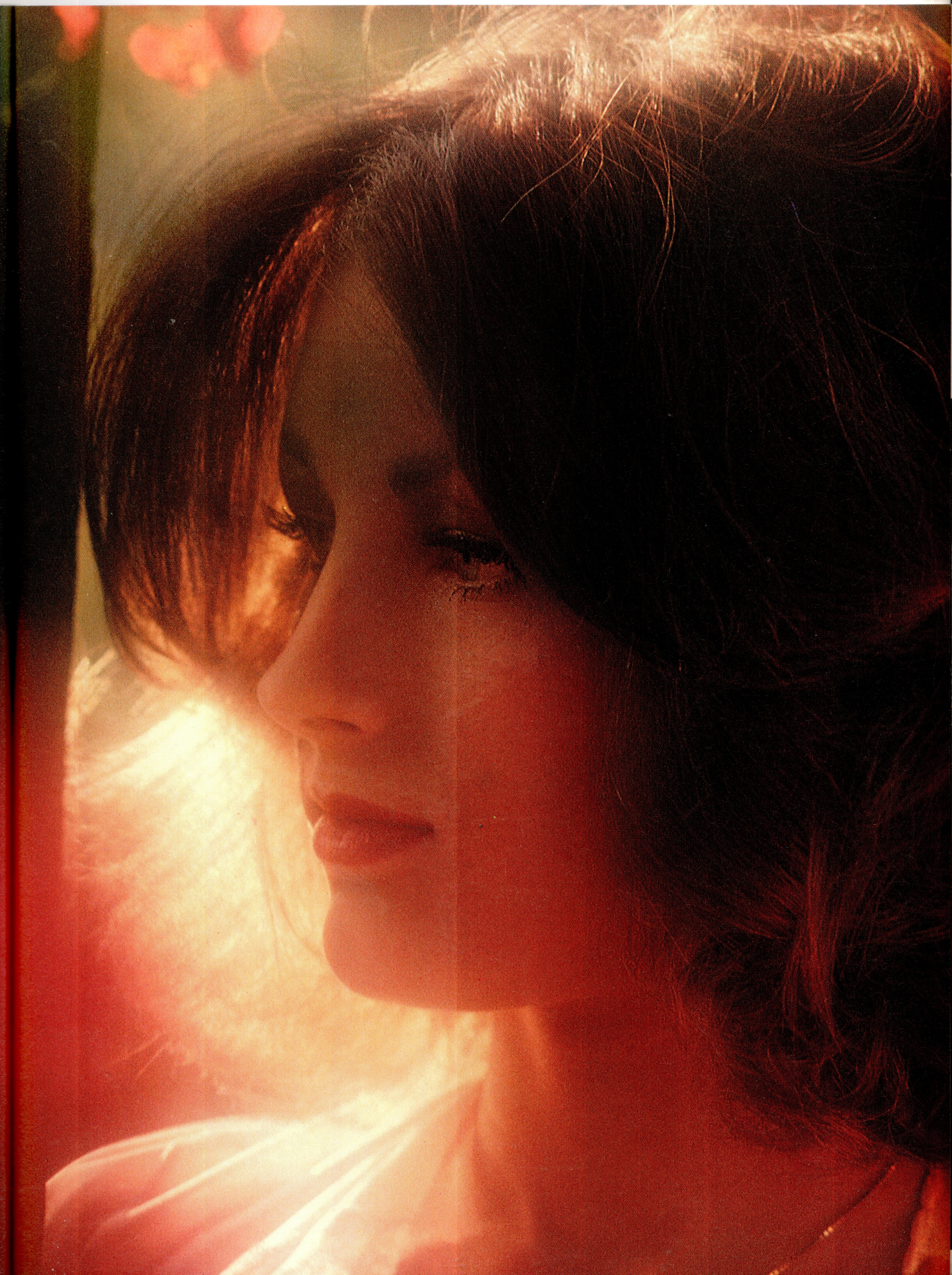
EARL MILLER

A GIRLS OF PENTHOUSE CLASSIC

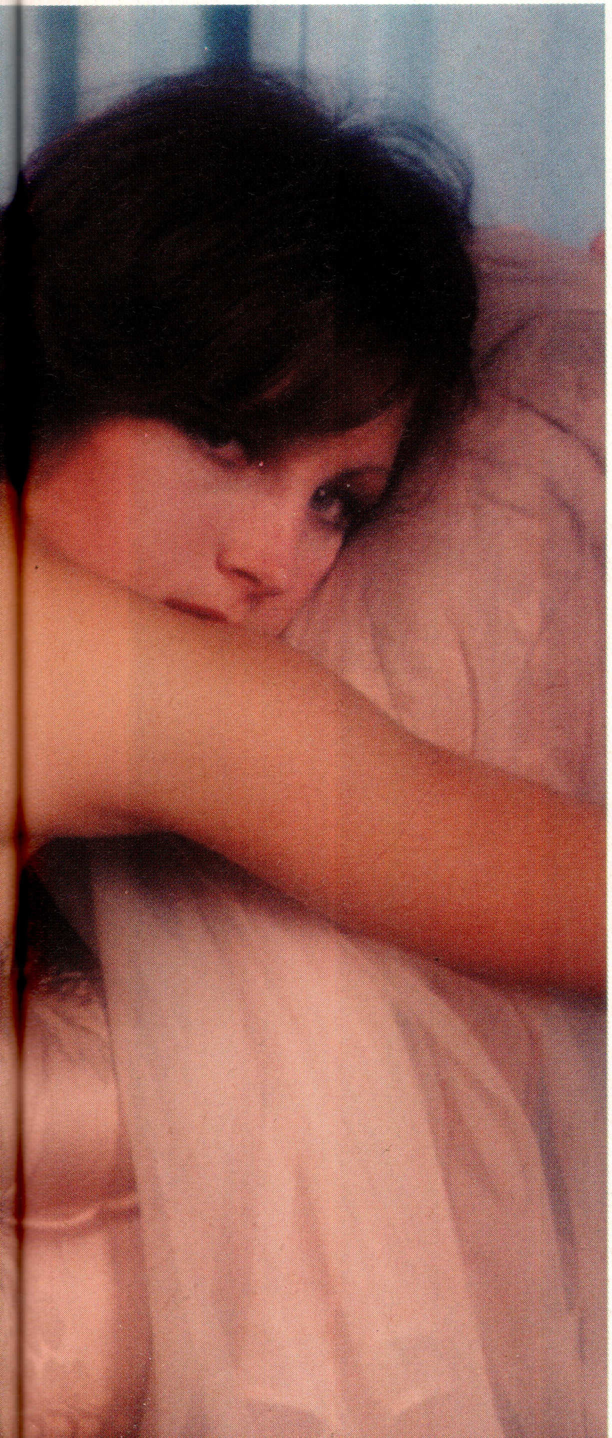
Here follows "California Classic,"
first published in
Penthouse magazine in June 1978

CALIFORNIA CLASSIC

Tracy Gordon is an all-American, adventurous woman. An explorer by nature, she is very well acquainted with the entire U.S.A. "I'm originally from Charlotte, North Carolina," she told us, "but I've been in every state in the Union except Oklahoma. I just haven't had a chance to get there yet. For now, though, I'm settling in California." La Jolla, to be exact. Tracy confessed to a weakness for Pacific sunsets. And what about the men she's met in her travels, we wondered. Does she prefer the West Coast male to eastern men? "Back East the men are more conventional, I think," Tracy answered. "Out here the guys tend to be more flamboyant—the way they dress and romantically, too. One night I was at a nightclub in L.A., and this really good-looking guy came over and asked me my name. I told him, and he walked away. The next morning he sent me *five* orchids. I still don't know who he was, and I have no idea how he got my address, but I love it."



"Actually, it's pretty hard to generalize about men, though, isn't it?" Tracy continued. "Ultimately, I love them all. Subtlety is a quality I particularly appreciate in a man—that way some men have of letting you know they adore you just by looking into your eyes without saying a word. That sort of thing has nothing to do with where a person's from. It's an attitude, an understanding of exactly who the female being is and what she wants and needs." At nineteen Tracy already knows quite a bit about men and about herself as well. Sophisticated, bright, versatile, she has all the distinctions of an American thoroughbred and feels as comfortable in tony city bistros as she does on wild-mountain bridle paths of the Sierras.



Tracy measures up to a fantasy of female perfection (35-23-35), and her auburn hair, crystal green eyes, and cameo-delicate features hardly detract from her regal form. She has an easygoing, easy-to-love personality that matches her physical beauty, and she seldom lacks the attention and/or companionship of men. "I really don't understand all this fuss and discussion about relationships these days," Tracy pined. "It all seems pretty natural to me—doing whatever feels right."

"Men and women just need to take the time to get to know each other," she added. "I spend a lot of time on my writing, and I think I can make a successful career of it, but I'll always give as much energy as I can to the special men in my life."

PENTHOUSE
Letters

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ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND
EVERY MONTH